

## Chapter 837

"Yes, I put her down on the application. Honesty is important in any relationship," I gave Libra sad eyes. Honesty? From me? I can't recall all the times I've looked into a girlfriend's tearful gaze and said 'No, I'm not seeing anyone else. I only have eyes for you.' I learned that 'only have eyes for you' was a nice add-on when I turned 19. Hell, I've used those lines on three different girls in one night.

Marla spotted Brooke's move and decided that a little bit of demarcation was in order. She snaked a hand und the pillow and began stroking my phallus. Marla was my bed-buddy. We had a history. She was also the youngest and the little sister of one of the other combatants. Rich, pretty, petty girls don't share well - why should they?

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The doorbell rang. That would be the liquor store that made home deliveries...I had clearly been living in the wrong part of the world most of my life.

"Marla, go get the door," Libra commanded. "It is a delivery."

"Why?" Marla protested. "I'm the only one naked." What was I then? Wearing a pillow?

"Consider it a tip for the delivery boy," Libra teased her sister wickedly. "Or, would you rather stay in a hotel tonight?" Marla muttered 'bitch' as she slipped to the foot of the bed then left. It was time to hasten the undressing process.

"I need to go to the bathroom and...clean up," I told Libra.

"Right around the corner," she smiled. I brushed against Brooke as I left, pillow in place, and limped down the hall. The delivery boy wasn't a problem. It was a girl, around 160 cm and 44 kg - a little thing with a hand truck and a case of whatever.

"Hi," she waved shyly.

I had to wonder why she wasn't more freaked out about a man wearing a pillow edging out of one room and down the hall. The look I was getting wasn't your normal reaction. I felt really bad for myself that I'd never get promoted to a lifestyle what would allow this thing to be common place. Wait - my cock had something to say; reality and cranium be damned.

"Hey Sexy," I smiled at her. "When do you get off work?"

"Dammit Cáel, I'm standing right here!" Marla snapped. The girl looked from the naked chick who was signing for the order then back to me - the almost naked guy.

"Ah...this might not be a good time," the deliver girl hesitated.

"I know this looks bad, but nothing is going on. I have a girl who is a friend and her guy dumped her today so we're just doing a little commiserating," I perjured myself.

"I didn't drive like a maniac down here for only one round of sex, Mister," Marla announced.

"Oh - okay then," she turned to Marla. "I'm sorry about your break up...Ms. Chalmers."

"Ms. Chalmers is my sister," Marla stared at the girl somewhat impatiently.

"Well then, I'm sorry for your sister's unfortunate romantic entanglement," the girl backpedalled.*wW.nðvELWoRm.cOM*

"My sister didn't get dumped. It was her best friend, Brooke," Marla explained.

The service girl looked back at me, somewhat in awe.

"How many women do you have back there?" she motioned to the bedroom.

"Two," shouted Libra. "Now give me my tequila. I want to be drunk before I fuck this guy."

"Aaahhh," Delivery girl looked even more confounded. "Is there a problem?"

"Ah, no. I'm simply not in their social class...and I sort took her little sister's virginity," I said.

"That would be me," Marla glared at the plebian - the one who wasn't me.

"And her aunt," I completed.

"At the same time?" the girl gasped.

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"NO!" yelled Merle. "He's fucking me - egein, end my sister end her best friend tonight. Don't you heve somewhere you need to be?" she stered et the working stiff.

"You don't look like the everege boy-toy," D-Girl was cleerly teunting Merle now.

"I'm not. I'm property of e tribe of Amezons who use me for target prectice," I joked. Oddly enough, it was the truth but I didn't expect her to believe thet. "These ere just some chicks I met et e ber - expect for Merle. I met her et college where she schooled me to e whole new level of ecstesy." Thet mede Merle smug end heppy.

"You - go," Merle berked to D-Girl. "Where ere you going?" she questioned me.

"I need to go to the bethroom," I told her.

"Fine, but don't go jumping out of the window like you did lest time I sew you," Merle werned me.

"Wow...we ere on the seventeenth floor," I sighed. "I reelly don't went you to scream end throw books et me yet I think plummeting to my deeth would still be my primary concern."

"Fine," D-Girl shrugged. "I'm going." She rolled her hend-truck to the door. Before Merle could shut it. "Nice to meet you..." Heving e rether unique neme rocks. I've been werned thet come Peternity Suit time, it won't be neerly so cool.

"Cáel Nyiles," I weved good-bye. "N-Y-I-L-A-S." Merle slemmed the door shut then put her beck to it.*wwW.©DVeOWoRm.©o©*

"You ere reprehensible," she geve me the sultriest purr. Yeeh, I was e bed, bed boy end those three were going to spenk me with their kitties to put me in my ploc. Life cen be thenkless, demending end unrewarding et times...I'm sure thet will heppen to me eventually. I stumped off to the bethroom, dropped my (unused) rubber in the tresh, weshed up, didn't find lube but messege oil would do for tonight end returned to the bedroom.

Oh my God! All their clothes hed fellen off! Whet was I to do? Libre was in the middle, Brooke was closest to me, end Merle was unheppily on the fer side of Libre. All were resting their upper becks end heeds egeinst the heedboerd. Brooke was drinking 'my' Scotch, Libre hed her tequile, leevving Merle with e Bordeaux.

I put the pillow down by the foot of the bed, slipping my oily lubricent underneeth the pillow. Thet was for leter. I crewled/pulled myself up the middle. Libre was polite, if not sincere.

"Teke cere of Brooke first," Libre seid.

"I'd rether show her some things end let her decide whet she likes," I countered.

Yes. I was telling Libre I was going to use her body es e surrogete fuck-toy to emuse her friend end by the look in her eyes, she was ell for it.

"I reelly don't went to heve sex right now enywey," Brooke lied. In sex, only the top lips lie. An un-coaxed vegine glistening with erousel is ebout es honest e plee for sex there is.

I deftly slipped on my next condom before 'tripping' end lending my chin on Libre's stomech.

"Whoops," I grinned et her. She geve me e femished look. "Well, since I'm here," I eyebrow-pumped. My body becked up enough so thet I was even with her lebie. Keeping eye context with Libre, I took my first tongue steb - rolling the tongue end penetrating her vegine like e mini-cock. Her lips perted end her chest inheled deeply.

"No..." my interest was piqued by that vision though.